No. 52. PAGE 205

THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1805.

AMUSING.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

[The following exquisite satire, on the bombastic style of recommending *Patent Medicines*, is too good a thing to let pass—even the reading of it may give some relief to those afflicted with the gout.]

RAMROD'S

Essential Tincture of Gridiron;

OTHERWISE CALLED,

NATURE'S GRAND RESTORATIVE.

DR. *Simeon Ramrod*, by a scrutinous and chemical analization of vegetable substances, has recently discovered that Gridirons contain a subtle invigorating fluid, sympathetically allied to the nervous or *magnetic* fluid of the human body, which, being skilfully extracted and properly prepared, becomes a specific, mild, and infallible remedy for almost every complaint, of mind and body, to which human nature has been subject since the flood. It is found also to have a powerful effect on the brute creation, & on various inanimate substances; to give relief against accidents, to be a wonderful quickener of the circulations, and to give renovated strength to all muscular exertions: from which it is found useful to persons travelling by sea or by land, and to those exposed to extraordinary dangers.

To announce the instances in which *Ramrod's Tincture of Gridiron* has proved beneficial, would be but to give a detail of all the diseases to which men, women and children are subject. The following are but a few, out of a thousand and *upwards* of certificates which have been, or may be procured, as a testimony of its efficacy.

The subscriber has long been afflicted with the tooth-ache, to such a degree that nearly all his teeth had been drawn out; and by an unjust sentence, he also unfortunately, had both his ears cut off. On applying a little of the *Tincture of Gridiron* to his head, his teeth were restored, and his head was instantly supplied with as fine a pair of ears as he could boast of the day he was born.

JOHN EARWIG.

Not long since, riding on the highway, my horse stumbled and fell, and so lamed himself as to be unable to proceed. I *heard* of a phial of the *Tincture of Gridiron* in the neighborhood, and suddenly found myself at the end of my journey, without further trouble.

JONA SPEEDWELL.

Some time ago my house was very much infested with rats; and one day while I set brooding over my misfortunes, a large number of them suddenly came upon me, and ate me up. I instantly took some of the *Tincture of Gridiron*, and found myself at ease, and have never been eaten since.

JACK RECOVER.

I was, not long since, subject to extreme fatigue from dancing & other exercise. I took a small quantity of the *Tincture of Gridiron*, and have been dancing ever since, without the least inconvenience.

SAMUEL RIGADOON.

Riding the other day, I accidentally fell into a ditch, and broke my legs, my arms and my neck. On taking a little of the *Tincture of Gridiron*, I instantly recovered, and have never been near a ditch since, nor felt a desire to approach one.

TOM TUMBLE.

Walking, not long since, near the machinery of a mill, I was caught and carried between two cog wheels, and every bone in my body broke to peices. A phial of *Ramrods Tincture of Gridiron* being thrown into the mill-pond, I found myself restored, and as whole and sound as a roach.

DICK WHIRLIGIG.

NOTE—Gridirons taken in their natural state, and particularly taken whole, are, by skilful chemists, deemed extremely dangerous; but the recent discovery of a mode of preparing the tincture from them, places them in the first rank of valuable plants.

Beware of Counterfeits.

Each bottle is stopped with a gimblet, and sealed with juniper-berries, and labelled "Ramrod's Tincture of Gridiron." To be sold *(only)* by the subscriber, in Frying-pan Alley, at the sign of the Tea-kettle, who always subscribes his own name.

S. RAMROD.

YOUNG LADIES PETITION.

[*The following petition is extracted from a New-York paper of the 4th of February last.*]

At a full meeting of young ladies, held for the special purpose of taking into consideration the dire effects which to them would occur in case of the divorce bill passing, resolved that the following petition be drawn up and forwarded to congress:

Humbly sheweth,

That your petitioners most seriously apprehend divers abuses and outrages which we humbly conceive to be in your power to prevent, we will begin however to state our claims, our pretentions, our ills and our wrongs, and humbly shew that our merits are despised, and our rights trampled under foot.

Your petitioners humbly pray, that the divorce bill now before your honorable house, may not pass, for your

petitioners fear many ills, evils and wrongs will arise therefrom, whereby we your petitioners will suffer in sundry and divers ways.

First—It appeareth to your petitioners that much harm will arise to us your said petitioners from so many married ladies again assuming the same plight and condition that they held before marriage—for they being well versed in the arts and deceits of this wicked world, and well initiated in the science of captivating men, will attract from us all the few beaux this town affords, and then we your petitioners being deprived of and deserted by these said beaus, will become disconsolate.

Second—That your petitioners still being young, and as yet not having entered into the bonds of matrimony but looking forward with eager anticipation to the raptures of that holy state, do conceive it to be highly injurious to our future advancement, that your honorable house should, by a bill of divorce, put certain married ladies who have already tasted the joys of wedlock, in the plight, capacity and condition of enjoying a second time the ravishing delights of that felicitous state, to the exclusion of your humble petitioners.

Third—It also appeareth, that the bill of divorce will be highly detrimental and injurious to your petitioners, inasmuch that we humbly apprehend that young men being naturally fickle, inconstant and fond of novelty, will desert us your youthful petitioners, for the sake of the ancient and venerable ladies whom you will again bring back to the same plight and condition that your petitioners now hold; and it naturally occureth that your petitioners will be surrounded by those old lads whom your bill has set free, and that your petitioners, having a violent antipathy to those second hand gentlemen, but not having it in our power to procure better helpmates, may in the end be compelled by frequent attacks to yield.

We further represent that being informed that many thousand married ladies have gone on to Washington, for the sole purpose and intent of forwarding this said divorce bill, by appearing in your honorable house with petitions and charges against their husbands, we, your petitioners would humble ourselves on the floor of your honorable house, but are unavoidably detained in this city, being deeply engaged in philosophic researches and certain chymical experiments; as well as employed in resisting the arts, wiles and mechinations, of a certain society, called the North River Society, the intent and aim of which is to overcome, overthrow and destroy your humble petitioners; we therefore hope that this humble petition of your humble petitioners will suffice.

Resolved, also, that should your honorable house grant the full extent of this prayer, we your petitioners who have been for some time engaged in active hostilities with the said North River Society, will pledge ourselves in the event of invasion or attack from a foreign enemy, to bear arms in defence of our country—and we humbly hope that, in such case, we may be enrolled under the title of the Philosophic Amazonian Band.

By order of the society,

MARGARET DIMPLE,
Secretary.

USEFUL.

SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.

SINCE publishing an article from the Aurora, recommending *Potatoes* as a substitute for *Coffee*, we have drank of a beverage composed of two-thirds Potatoes and the remaining third Coffee, and can declare it in our opinion equal in flavor and richness to the best Coffee we have tasted.—When it is considered what an immense saving it will be to our country, if Potatoes will answer the same purpose as Coffee we hope the experiment will be generally tried.—The mode of preparation, it will be recollected, is to wash raw Potatoes clean, cut them into square pieces of the size of a hazle-nut, and put them into a temperate stove, or an oven after the bread is drawn, stiring them that they may dry regularly; when dried perfectly, they may be preserved, and burnt and ground for use as they are wanted the same as Coffee.

INSTRUCTIVE.

ON THE USE OF ARDENT SPIRITS.

I SHALL now take notice of the occasions and circumstances which are supposed to render the use of ardent spirits necessary, and endeavor to shew that the arguments in favor of their use in such cases are founded in error, and that in each of them, ardent spirits, instead of affording strength to the body, increase the evils they are intended to relieve.

1. *They are said to be necessary in very cold weather.*—This is far from being true; for the temporary warmth they produce, is always succeeded by a greater disposition in the body to be affected by cold. Warm dresses, a plentiful meal just before exposure to the cold, and eating occasionally a little cordial food, is a much more durable method of preserving the heat of the body in cold weather.

2. *They are said to be necessary in very warm weather.*—Experience proves that they increase instead of lessening the effects of heat upon the body, and thereby dispose to diseases of all kind. Even in the West-Indies, Dr. Bell asserts this to be true. "Rum," says this author, "whether used habitually, moderately, or in excessive quantities in the West-Indies always diminishes the strength of the body, and renders men more susceptible of disease, and unfit for any service in which vigour or activity is required." As well might we throw oil into a house, the roof of which was on fire, in order to prevent the flames from extending to its inside, as pour ardent spirits into the stomach, to lessen the effects of a hot sun upon the skin.

3. *Nor do ardent spirits lessen the effects of hard labour upon the body.*—Look at the horse; with every muscle of his body swelled from morning until night in the plough or a team—does he make signs for a draught of toddy, or a glass of spirits, to enable him to cleave the ground, or to climb a hill? No—he requires nothing but cool water and substantial food. There is no nourishment in ardent spirits. The strength they produce in labour is of a transient nature, and is always followed by a sense of weakness and fatigue.

But are there no conditions of the human body in which ardent spirits may be given? I answer—there are. 1st. When the body has been suddenly exhausted of its strength, and a disposition to faintness has been induced. Here a few spoonfuls or a wine glass of spirits, with or without water, may be administered with safety and advantage. In this case we comply strictly with the advice of Solomon, who restricts the use of "strong drink" only "to him who is ready to perish." 2dly. When the body has been exposed for a long time to wet weather, more especially if it be combined with cold. Here a moderate quantity of spirits is not only safe, but highly proper to obviate debility, and to prevent a fever. They will more certainly have these salutary effects, if the feet are at the same time bathed with them, or a half pint of them poured into the shoes or boots. These I believe are the only two cases in which distilled spirits are useful or necessary to persons in health."

OBSERVATION.—The tongue of a viper is less hurtful than that of a slanderer; and the gilded scales of a rattlesnake, less dreadful than the purse of the oppressor.

VARIETY.

THE WILL OF PETER PITHOU.

PETER PITHOU was an eminent French lawyer, the friend of the illustrious de Thou, and the chancellor de l'Hopital. He wrote his will in elegant Latin, which contains perhaps rather mortal than pecuniary directions. It begins thus:

"In the midst of the treasons and of the perfidies of the most corrupt age that the world ever saw, I have been as much as possible the slave of my word.

"I have constantly loved and cultivated my friends with the whole force of my heart. I have rather endeavored to disarm my enemies by kindness, than to revenge myself by doing them mischief,

"I have loved my wife as myself; I have never indulged my children improperly; and my servants I have treated as men.

"As a man, a child, a boy, I have paid great deference to age.

"My country has ever concentrated all my affections. I have anxiously desired the amendment of the state, but always by moderate and just means. Full of respect and veneration for purer antiquity, I have never been the dupe of novelty.

"I have always feared, and avoided as a serpent, all vain disputes and cavils respecting divine matters.

"I have always been well assured, that knowledge and openness of mind lead more directly to their point than ignorance and intrigue.

"I have never been so happy as in those days in which I have been able to be of use to my country and my friends.

"I have ever preferred the art of judging well to that of speaking finely.

"I trust rather to the decision of the law, than to that of my own judgment, the disposal of all that I die worth.

"I trust that all the tenderness that I have received from my dear wife will be transferred to my children, and that she will take care of their education as if I were living.

"I bequeath to posterity this faithful picture of my own mind, which I hope they will receive with the same simplicity with which I have pourtrayed it."

The following toast was lately given at a festival in London:

May Bonaparte's Fleet and Sailors,
Swim like the Geese of English Tailors.

A good deal of talk has been excited by the circumstance of a female sending a *challenge*. The common way has been for ladies, without giving any notice of their intentions, to play off all the *artillery* of their charms, and to *shoot* a man through the heart *with a smilling countenance.*

Those ladies who express extraordinary fondness for their husbands, in order to render their own infidelity unsuspected, are not unaptly termed *mock turtles!*

Marriages among the *haut ton* do great credit to the *skill* and *address* of the ladies, or to the *courage* of the gentlemen, since it was long ago observed, that the *uselessness* and *expensiveness* of modern women multiply *Bachelors.*

We read the other day of the *marriage of a couple*, whose joint ages amounted to 150 years. This reminds us of what we remember in an old author, who tells us, that there are three sorts of marriages. 1st. Of *God's making*—*i. e.* as when Adam and Eve, two young folks, were coupled together; 2dly *Man's making*, as when one is old, and the other young, as *Joseph's marriage* with *Mary;* and 3dly the *Devil's making*, as when two old folks marry, not for comfort but covetousness.

A virgin of twenty-three was lately throwing out some affected sneers at matrimony, when a grave friend in company observed, that "marriages were made in Heaven." Can you tell me, sir, rejoined the sly nymph, why they are so *slow* in *coming down!*

Thank the stars, exclaimed a *Bond street lounger*, one evening last fall, thank the stars, the *dog days* are at an end! True replied the Duchess of D—, but what a misfortune it is, that the *puppy days* should last all the year round!

A poor man complaining to a rich one of the largeness of his family, saying, it generally happened that poor people had the most children to keep, was answered, that God never sent more mouths into the world than food to supply them. Very true, replied the other, but the food is in your house and the children at mine.

BAYLE says, that a woman will inevitably divulge every secret with which she is entrusted, except one,——and that is *her own age.*

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE present number closes the publication of the HIVE. It is therefore necessary that those wishing to discontinue, should acquaint us of their intention, previous to the appearance of the first number of the Lancaster True American; otherwise they will be served with that paper, and charged accordingly.

☞ No subscription can be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

The Index to the present volume of the Hive, will accompany the first number of the True American, which we contemplate publishing in the course of the present month.

Those who wish to have their volumes bound, are requested to send them to the office; and those whose files are incomplete, can have their deficient numbers supplied, at the subscription price.

Several complete sets of the Hive, will be for sale, in the course of a few days, on the following terms:

For either of the Volumes, bound separate,	$2 25
For both, bound together, -	4 25
For both Volumes, unbound, - -	4

☞ *Subscriptions, Communications, and Advertisements, for the Lancaster True American, will be thankfully received at this office.*

Mr. BERNIARD

BEGS leave to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Lancaster, and the Public in general, that he has for sale, at the house of Mr. William Ferree, sign of Gen. Washington, in East King-street, an extensive assortment of DRY GOODS, consisting of

Silk & Cotton Stockings,	*Spangled Shawls,*
Shawls,	*Plain do.*
Ribbons,	*Pin-cushions,*
Silk Gloves,	*Suspenders, and*
Silk Handkerchiefs,	*Pearls of all colours.*

LIKEWISE,

An elegant assortment of

Jewellery, of Good Gold—Ornamented Combs, and Hair Neck-laces, Paris fashion.

Mr. BERNIARD assures the Public, that all the above GOODS are of the first quality, and will be disposed of on very advantageous terms. *June 5th*, 1805.

POETRY.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN A CONSUMPTION.

SICKNESS, I yield to thy subduing sway,
A livid paleness o'er each feature steals;
Wildly irregular my pulses play,
And all my frame a lifeless langour feels.

Dim are those eyes that once resplendent shone,
And faint the throbbings of this aching breast;
My fault'ring voice has lost its wonted tone,
And all my sorrows are by sighs exprest.

Few are the transports I may hope to share,
While here a ling'ring victim I remain;
Anticipation heightens my despair,
And retrospection sharpens ev'ry pain.

The sports of youth, in which I once partook,
Alas! no more the throbbing smile can wake:
On every scene I cast a heedless look,
Nor know but that may be the last I take.

The social converse of my only friend,
So pleasing once, I now can scarcely bear;
E'en should an angel from the skies descend,
His fine-ton'd accents would disgust mine ear.

The frowns of censure, and the smiles of praise,
Act on my feelings in the same degree;
The same emotions in my bosom raise,
For all alike is vanity to me.

In vain I've tri'd each Esculapian art
To sooth my anguish, and my health regain;
Life's vital tide scarce issues from my heart,
And slowly creeps along each circling vein.

When o'er my glass these heavy eye-balls stray,
That glass, for ever to its purpose true,
My meagre form I shudder to survey,
And almost doubt if 'tis myself I view.

How chang'd, how alter'd, from my former plight,
When youthful vigour ev'ry sinew strung:
When fancy wing'd her bold excursive flight,
And notes of rapture warbled on my tongue!

The dreams of pleasure which I then pursu'd,
No more shall charm me with their specious guise;
Nor shall my love of fame be hence remov'd—
For sickness yields not to the great or wise.

Alike regardless of my friends and foes,
I wait impatient for that awful hour,
Which brings existence to a final close,
And lifts the soul above affliction's power.

Then, when exempt from each terrestrial tie,
My trembling spirit wings the fields of space,
Approving saints may quit their native sky,
And, smiling, bear me to the throne of Grace.

A LAUGH,

AT THE RESPECTABLE STATE OF MATRIMONY.

By Peter Pindar, Esquire.

THAT I have often been in love—deep love,
A hundred doleful ditties plainly prove!
By marriage—never have I been disjointed—
For matrimony deals prodigious blows,
And yet, for this same stormy state—God knows,
I've groan'd, and thank my stars, been disappointed.
With loves dear passion will I never war;
Let every man forever be in love—
E'en if he beats in age old *Par*;
'Tis for his chilly veins a good warm glove;
It bids the blood with brisker motion start,
Thawing time's icicles around his heart!
Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate!
Love keeps a modest distance—is divine,
Obliging—and says every thing that's fine!
Love writes sweet sonnets—deals in tender matter,
Marriage—in epigrams so keen—and satire—
Love seeketh always to oblige the fair,
Full of kind wishes, and exalted hope!
Marriage—desires to see her in the air,
Suspended, at the bottom of a rope!
Love, wishes in the vale or on the down,
To give his dear, dear idol, a *new gown!*
Marriage—the brute so snappish and ill bred,
Can kick his sighing turtle out of bed—
Turns, rudely, from the charms that taste adores!
And pulls his night cap o'er his eyes—and snores!
Wedlock—at first indeed is vastly pleasant,
A very showy bird—a fine cock pheasant!
By time, it changeth to a different fowl,
Sometimes a cuckoo—often a horn'd owl!
Wedlock's a lock, however large and thick,
That every rascal has a *key to pick*—
O love, for heaven's sake never leave my heart,
No, thou and I will never—never part!
Go, wedlock, to the men of leaden brains,
Who hate variety——and sigh for chains!

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

O woods of green Erin! sweet, sweet was the breeze,
That rustled long since through your wide-spreading trees;
And sweet was the flow of your waters so clear,
And precious my cabin, the home of my dear!—
For when through your groves, by your waters I walk'd,
And with *Norah* of love, and of happiness talk'd:
While calm as the moon-light that silver'd your charms,
My child, softly sleeping, lay press'd in her arms.

But now that I visit thee, Erin! again,
Though years have pass'd o'er me, they've pass'd me in vain;
Thy woods, and thy lakes, & thy mountains, no more
Can renew such fond thrills as they kindled before.
Still green are thy mountains, still green are thy groves
Still tranquil the water my sad spirit loves;
But dark is my home, and wild, wild its trees wave,
For my wife and my baby are dust in the grave!

TO A LANGUISHING, UGLY, TALKATIVE OLD MAID.

IF you'd be married, first grow young;
Wear a mask, and hold your tongue.

Messrs. M'DOWELL & GREEAR,

Please to give the following Advertisement a place in your next Hive, and you will oblige J. G.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A whitish Hog, some time last May,
From George Rogers stray'd away;
He's one year old, and barrow shape,
From Adamstown he did escape;
His tail is long—his right ear slit,
The other wants a good large bit.
Whoever takes up said absconder,
That I may want my hog no longer,
Shall have one dollar very soon,
Witness my hand this twelfth of June.

GEORGE ROGERS.

Blank Bonds, Apprentices and Servants Indentures, &c. &c.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE—WHERE

Justices of the Peace

Can be furnished with all the BLANKS required by the 100 dollar law, on the most reasonable terms.

To the Patrons of the Hive.

The Patrons of the Hive are respectfully informed, that at the expiration of the present volume, considerable changes will take place, in the plan of that paper; which, it is hoped, the present subscribers will have no reason to disapprove. The paper will assume another name, and be published according to the following prospectus:

PROPOSAL

BY M'DOWELL & GREEAR,

For publishing, in this borough, a weekly newspaper,

ENTITLED

The Lancaster True American.

IN presenting the public with proposals for publishing a newspaper, it is usual to make great professions of patriotism and zeal in the cause espoused; the Editors, however, in this case, will content themselves with declaring, in candid terms, what are, ingenuously, their sentiments, and the grounds upon which they solicit the patronage of their fellow-citizens.

The dissemination of useful information in politics and the auxiliary branches of social policy, is, confessedly, the foundation of civil liberty and social happiness; and disavowing a servile adherence to any party, or an obsequious devotion to any set of men, the Editors will endeavor to collect, and arrange for their readers, a summary of foreign affairs, so far as they are connected with the interests of this country—to give a regular account of state politics, and to support their connection with the states respectively, and the administration of the federal government; and to promote, by every possible mean, the progress of knowledge in the arts and sciences, agriculture and social economy.

In the present distracted state of Europe, and the divided and disturbed situation of our own country, we seriously believe that the independent yeomanry of America, want information of the state of their own and foreign countries, stripped of those fascinating forms calculated to bewilder the imagination, and swallow up the judgment in the whirlpools of passion and prejudice to enable them to form a correct opinion. To effect this important end, the columns of the Lancaster True American shall be ever open to free discussion, while truth be the object of controversy, and reason is employed in its support. Decency of expression will be insisted on, and defamation absolutely precluded.

Though the politics of the times will claim our constant attention, a considerable portion of the paper will be devoted to miscellaneous literature, agriculture, &c.

CONDITIONS.

The Lancaster True American will be published every Saturday morning, on large royal paper, and with a good legible type.

The price will be two dollars per annum, payable in half yearly advances.

Subscribers in town shall be regularly served with the paper, on each day of publication; those who reside in the country, shall have it left at such places in town as they may direct.

Advertisements inserted on the usual terms.

LANCASTER, (Penn.)

PRINTED BY

M'DOWELL & GREEAR,

AT THE SIGN OF THE "BEE-HIVE," IN EAST KING-STREET.

Where Subscriptions, at Two Dollars per annum, will be thankfully received.